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ORIGINAL POETRY.

'THE SINE QUA NON.'

WHEN Adam was stationed in Eden's fair bower,
 The lord of the beast, of the bird and the flower,
 He exclaim'd, tho' creation my sceptre may own,
 To happiness still there's a *sine qua non*,

Sine qua non, sine qua non,

To happiness still there's a *sine qua non*.

Then Deity pitied the creature he made,
 And sent in compassion a help-mate and aid;
 From Adam while sleeping, he pluck'd out a bone,
 And formed of the *rib* the sweet *sine qua non*,

Sine qua non, &c.

Oh! then laugh'd the landscape and garden around,
 And man blest with *beauty*, true happiness found;
 What our ancestor did all his children have done,
 And *woman* is still the sweet *sine qua non*,

Sine qua non, &c.

The parson will hammer and stammer all day,
 That life's joys are fleeting, and man is but clay,
 Still, though not recorded in Mark, Luke, or John,
 He sticks to his text of the *sine qua non*,

Sine qua non, &c.

The lawyer, who labours and sweats in his cause,
 And puzzles his brain in expounding the laws,
 Quits the forum with joy, and, without *pro* or *con*,
 Finds a *precedent* pat in the *sine qua non*,

Sine qua non, &c.

Oh! tell us, ye heirs of Hippocrates' skill,
 Ye men of the mortar, the pestle and pill,
 What *drop* can encrimson the cheek pale and wan,
 Like the *dew* from the lips of the *sine qua non*?

Sine qua non, &c.

The poet may sing of the charms of the lyre,
 Of Helicon's fount and Promethean fire,

Though his musick surpasses the Mantuan swan,
 Yet what is it all to the *sine qua non*?
 Sine qua non, &c.

Then fill up a bumper—let's drink to the smile,
 That sorrow, misfortune, and care can beguile;
 In life's chequer'd path may we gaily move on,
 Ever cheer'd by the love of the *sine qua non*,
 Sine qua non, &c.

A SECRETARY OF THE EMBASSY.

The following lines were sent to a friend in this country from England, in manuscript—they have never been printed.

IMPROMPTU BY LORD BYRON,

ON A LADY'S REMARKING THE MELANCHOLY OF HIS COUNTENANCE.

If from the heart where sorrows sit,
 Their dusky shadows mount too high,
 Or on the changing aspect flit,
 Or cloud the brow or dim the eye;
 Heed not the gloom, it soon will sink,
 My thoughts their prison know too well,
 Back to the heart they hence will shrink,
 And bleed within their silent cell.

A gentleman lately received from a friend in England, a letter of condolence on the loss of a son, whose virtues and talents gave promise of the greatest excellence; and the writer enclosed the following copy of an epitaph, recently composed for the monument of an interesting young woman, the only child of a man of ancient family and large fortune, all whose hopes were blasted by her death. The thought is not new, but it is very finely expressed.

WHEN at the holy altar's foot is giv'n,
 The blushing maiden to the enamour'd youth,
 Whose well tried honour, constancy and truth,
 Afford the promise of an earthly heaven;
 Tho' to far distant friends and country led,
 Fond parents triumph mid the tears they shed.
 Shall we then grieve, that a celestial spouse,
 Hath borne this virgin treasure from our sight,
 To share the blessings of eternal light,
 The end of all our prayers and all our vows?
 We should rejoice, but cannot as we ought,
 Great God! forgive the involuntary fault.